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formed, for a considerable time, the table talk of the day, while the friends of the deceased endeavoured to make it appear, that it was merely the reflection of the candles, as their rays flashed across the windows in their progress from the table to the floor, which had operated on the servant's vision, in such a way as to produce a supernatural appearance.

* * With the fame of the celebrated lady above referred to, we have no doubt that the greater proportion of our Irish readers are well acquainted. As, however, there are two versions of the story, so far as regards her ladyship's concluding days, we think it well to mention, for the benefit of the numerous readers of *THE NATIONAL* in the sister Islands, that, by many, the concluding part of the story, relative to her ladyship either having been carried off or frightened to death by his black majesty, or one of his satellites, is altogether a fiction; that, after the death of Thompson, she gave up the world, and never afterwards resumed her station at the cathedral, castle, or card table. We understand that her monument is still pointed out, adorned by descending angels and weeping cupids, holding up a tablet, which commemorates her *charities and her virtues*!—and we have little doubt, that, as she was rich and highly connected, she got a very excellent character in the *Newspapers* of the day!—at least, if she did not, the *Newspapers* of former days must have been very different from what they are at present.

WHERE IS MY GRAVE?

Where is my grave? 'Mid the silent dead
Of the church-yard throng shall I lay my head;
Shall I sleep in peace, amid those who erst,
In happier years, my childhood nurs'd—
With them, beneath the same green sod,
My soul, with theirs, gone to meet its God?

Where is my grave? In the "vasty deep,"
'Mid the treasures of ocean's caves, shall I sleep;
With those who slept there ages before,
Far from their loved and their native shore—
The sands my bed, and the rocks my pillow,
And cradled to rest by the tossing billow?

Where is my grave? Are its dark folds spread
On the field of the bloody, the dying, and dead,
Where fiercely the rush of the war-steed pass'd,
Where freedom hath fought, and hath breath'd her last,
And the foe and the friend one common bed share,
Shall my place of repose be there, be there?

Where is my grave? 'Neath some foreign sky
Shall I lay down my wearied limbs, and die;
Far over mountain, and far over wave,
Shall the wild flowers bloom on my lonely grave—
In the land of strangers, where none are near,
To breathe the soft sigh, and to shed the sad tear?

Where is my grave? In the burning sand
Of Afric's bright and burning land,
Shall I sleep, when my toil and my labour are o'er?
A weary shepherd on that far shore,
With no record to tell, save the cross by my side,
Of the faith I had preach'd, in what hope I had died.

Where is my grave? It matters not where;
 But my home beyond—is it there, is it there,
 Where cherubim spread their golden wings,
 And where seraph to seraph triumphant sings,
 In the sun-bright regions of the blest—
 Shall there be my home, my eternal rest?

A CITIZEN'S RELAXATIONS, OR SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I do not know any city in the British empire, whose environs afford more various and attractive scenery, than the metropolis of Ireland; far superior to either London or Edinburgh, the vicinity of Dublin presents an inexhaustible fund of scenic beauty, for the enjoyment of which abundant facilities are afforded. Thus, while the Londoner may actually pass out of life, without having cast one admiring look at a mountain prospect, with all its peaks and ridges, lakes, waterfalls, and glens, and while he may have no idea of the sea, but what the turbid tide-waters of the Thames present—a Dublin citizen—yes, even its poorest artizan—can, in an hour or two, either wander among the sea-cliffs of Bray or Bullock, or climb the Wicklow hills, and fill his admiring mind with all the grand images connected with mountain phenomena. Nay, more—he can, when tired of this—if a man, a city-circumscribed man, can be tired of such things—ramble up the banks of the lovely and lively Liffey; he may direct his jaunting-car along the lower road that leads to Lucan—admire perhaps the finest river-landscape in the world—observe cultivation carried forward with the greatest accuracy, and in keeping with the greatest beauty: he may spend his day at the Salmon Leap at Leixlip, or proceed farther; and after admiring the thousand-and-one acres in the centre of which Ireland's only Duke resides, he may view that venerable spot, whence, shining with the unction of holiness, redolent with all the midnight lamp-oil of theological lore, our Maynooth priests go forth to teach the young Milesian “how to shoot”—not Orangemen—but upwards, towards those portals of which Saint Peter, for blessed Mother Church, is said to hold the key. Or, if it should better please him, he can go northward, and exercise his antiquarian propensities and recollections, while admiring the venerable remains of Fingallian grandeur, as exhibited in the old Parliament-house of Swords—its round-tower—or the still more beautiful one at Lusk. He may venture to Holm-Patrick, and see not only the church built by St. Patrick, but also his very footprints, as, with a hop-skip-and-jump, he popped from island to island, until he reached mainland. He may thence return home, and on his way observe the ancient stone roof and crypt of St. Doulough, only inferior in antiquity to Cormac's chapel, on the Rock of Cashel. Thus the vicinity of Dublin presents her varied attractions for the excursionist and tourist; and foul befall the character of the Dublin *litterati*, that there has not been yet found *one* who has adequately, with pen or pencil, described and brought into notice the environs of the metropolis of Ireland.

Mr. NATIONAL, one would think I was a native of the county or city of Dublin, from my anxiety to trumpet forth their praises. But, indeed, it is no such thing; I am a stranger—mercantile business has but given me *here* a local habitation; and were it not that a good old uncle in India had lately left me some few thousands, you would have never received this, or heard of “the destiny obscure” of a painstaking rider